her when I am gone, and ſhe is old and cannot helpe her ſelfe, you ſhall haue forty ſir.

Bar. Go to, ſtand aſide.

Feeble By my troth I care not, a man can die but once, we owe God a death, ile nere beare a baſe mind, and't bee my deſtny: ſo, and't be not, ſo, no man's too good to ſerue's prince, and let it go which way it will, he that dies this yeere is quit for the next.

Bar Well ſaid, th'art a good fellow.

Feeble Faith ile beare no baſe mind.

Enter Falſtaffe and the Iuſtices.

Fal. Come ſir, which men ſhall I haue?

Shal. Foure of which you pleaſe.

Bar Sir, a word with you, I haue three pound to free Mouldy and Bulcalfe.

Fal. Go to, well.

Shal. Come ſir Iohn, which foure wil you haue?

Fal. Do you chuſe for me.

Shal. Marry then, Mouldy, Bulcalfe, Feeble, and Sadow.

Fal. Mouldy and Bulcalfe, for you Mouldy ſtay at home, til you are paſt ſeruice: and for your part Bulcalfe, grow til you come vnto it, I will none of you.

Shal. Sir Iohn, ſir Iohn, doe not your ſelfe wrong, they are your likelieſt men, and I would haue you ſerude with the beſt.

Fal. Wil you tel me (maſter Shallow) how to chuſe a man? care I for the limbe, the thewes, the ſtature, bulke and big aſſemblance of a man: giue me the ſpirit M. Shalow: heres Wart, you ſee what a ragged apparance it is, a ſhall charge you, and diſcharge you with the motion of a pewterers hammer, come off and on ſwifter then he that gibbets on the brewers bucket: and this ſame halfe facde fellow Shadow, giue me this man, he preſents no marke to the enemy, the fo-man may with as great aime leuel at the edge of a pen-knife, and for a retraite how ſwiftly wil this Feeble the womans Tailer runne off? O giue mee the ſpare men, and ſpare me the great ones, putte mee a caliuer

caliuer into Warts hand Bardolfe.

Bar. Hold Wart, trauers thas, thas, thas.

Fal. Come mannage me your caliuer: ſo, very wel, go to, very good, exceeding good, O giue me alwaies a little leane, olde chopt Ballde, ſhot: well ſaid yfaith Wart, th'art a good ſcab, hold, theres a teſter for thee.

Shal. He is not his crafts-maſter, he doth not do it right; I remember at Mile-end-greene, when I lay at Clements Inne, I was then ſir Dagonet in Arthurs ſhow, there was a little quiuer fellow, and a would mannage you his peece thus, and a would about and about, and come you in, and come you in, rah, tah, tah, would a ſay, bounce would a ſay, and away again would a go, and againe would a come: I ſhall nere ſee ſuch a fellow.

Fal. Theſe fellowes wooll doe well M. Shallow, God keep you M. Scilens, I will not vſe many words with you, fare you wel gentlemen both, I thank you, I muſt a doſen mile to night: Bardolfe, giue the ſouldiers coates.

Shal. Sir Iohn, the Lord bleſſe you, God proſper your affaires, God ſend vs peace at your returne. viſit our houſe, let our old acquaintance be renewed, peraduenture I will with ye to the court.

Fal. Fore God would you would.

Shal. Go to, I haue ſpoke at a word, God keep you.

Fal. Fare you well gentle gentlemen. *exit*

Shal. On Bardolfe, leade the men away, as I returne I will fetch off theſe iuſtices, I do ſee the bottome of iuſtice Shallow, Lord, Lord, how ſubiect we old men are to this vice of lying, this ſame ſtaru'd iuſtice hath done nothing but prate to me, of the wildneſſe of his youth, and the feates he hath done about Turne-bull ſtreet, and euery third word a lie, dewer paid to the hearer then the Turkes tribute, I doe remember him at Clements Inne, like a man made after ſupper of a cheeſe paring, when a was naked, he was for all the worlde like a forke reddiſh, with a head fantaſtically carued vpon it with a knife, a was ſo forlorne, that his demenſions to any thicke ſight were

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry IV. Part 2* (STC 2228a) LONDON, 1600 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.12) Octavo